

# CHAPLIN, AN ARTIST OF WHOM FRANCE IS PROUD

His Works Not Widely Known in America, but Highly Prized by French—His "A Dream" a Painting of Feminine Elegance

By PHILIPPE ORTIZ.

Si Paris avait une Cannebiere ce serait un petit Marseille.—Marius.

MARIUS was not a poet, nor is he known to have achieved anything great beyond having uttered that memorable phrase which embodies all the pride of those worthy sons of Marseilles who are renowned for their astounding imagination and their ability to tell a story which is always better than yours with a placid air of saying: "If you don't believe this one I'll tell you another." And their pride has no limit. Why? No one knows. It is the nature of the Marseillais to consider all other cities of the globe third to his own city and every other being inferior to himself, a trait which, while it is common to the human race, is abnormally developed among the natives of the second great city of France and the most important seaport on the Mediterranean.

Marseilles, although situated at a distance of 863 kilometers from Paris, has none of the provincial aspect of other French cities. It is even more interesting than most of the larger cities in Europe owing to its diverse population of about 500,000, gathered from all parts of the world.

The history of the city is interesting. Founded after battles rendered necessary by its desire for independence, Marseilles always figured among the centres of trouble whenever France had any disturbance. Its people, the most enthusiastic and, perhaps, the most generous in the land, were found ever ready to join any movement intended for the advancement of their country. Thus we find them among the very first to respond to the appeal of Paris and support the revolution in 1792. It was men of Marseilles who, headed by their leader, Barbaroux, walked from Marseilles to Paris, singing as they went along the beautiful and inspiring strophes written by Rouget de l'Isle and named after them: "La Marseillaise."

Owing to its geographical position Marseilles has a decided advantage over all the neighboring ports, and is the chosen entrance into the Occident from the Orient. Its industries have at all times been flourishing. Immense foundries and manufactures of all kinds vie with one another and pour forth huge amounts of merchandise which is sent all over the world.

The city in itself is not especially attractive. In fact the busy aspects of the streets and avenues through which

rush innumerable trucks, "camions," as they call them, the congested state of the harbor wherein lie at anchor hundreds of vessels, the noisy Cannebiere—Marseilles's Broadway—not always immaculately clean—the unavoidable odor of salt and tar which permeates the air, are usual characteristics of large maritime cities, none of which is very tempting to tourists.

But it must not be inferred from the foregoing that the Marseillais are exclusively a commercial people, for there, as well as in the remotest part of France, art in all its forms is in evidence. Ever ready to recognize and praise talent in the most enthusiastic manner, the Marseillais are good judges of art. Many a great musician or singer idolized on both continents has experienced the beginner's stage fright when appearing before that uncompromising jury, which is ready to carry the artist in triumph if deemed worthy of appreciation or to hiss her off the stage at the slightest sign of faltering.

In paintings the Marseillais have shown an equal amount of discrimination. The Musee Municipal contains a number of very fine paintings by masters, such as Rubens, Raphael, Veronese, Nattier, Fragonard, Corot, Daubigny and Puvis de Chavannes. Among these is a lovely canvas by an artist of undeniable skill whose works are not widely known in America for the reason perhaps that very few of his paintings ever came to this country and that, as he was preeminently a colorist, the reproductions available do not do him justice. It is Chaplin—Charles Joshua Chaplin.

Born of English parents in 1825 at Andelys on the Seine, a few miles below Paris, he began to study art under Drolling when still young. Like most artists he tried his hand first at the academic style. Then after a trip to Auvergne during which he felt a growing love of nature he thought himself to be one of the great landscape painters of the future, and it was not until about 1850 that he found his real vocation, that of a charming and exceedingly skillful portraitist.

To be sure Chaplin is not unknown to those whose good fortune it has been to visit Paris, the Luxembourg Museum and the Louvre, where several clever pictures such as the exquisite "Baigneuses" (Bathing Beauties) are highly prized. In the Tuilleries Chaplin is immortalized by the ceiling and panels over the doors of the Salon des Fleurs. At the Palais de l'Elysee, France's White House, the Salon de l'Emicicla was decorated by him in 1861, and three years later, in 1864, he painted eight beautiful panels and four pieces to go over the doors of the bathroom of the Empress Eugenie.

If not as well known as several of

his contemporaries Chaplin is nevertheless an artist of whom France is justly proud. He is the painter of feminine elegance and caught better than any one before or after him perhaps the tantalizing expressions of the coquettish Parisienne. His flesh tints are warm and realistic that his figures fairly seem alive to the extent that one of his most famous and admired paintings was refused at a Paris salon for that reason.

Sensuous or not Chaplin was an admirer of femininity, of beautiful femininity, "eternal poem," and the Marseillais, whose good judgment can be relied upon in matters appertaining to art in general and to feminine beauty in particular, have done well to secure for their museum one of Chaplin's most delightful compositions, entitled "A Dream" (A Dream), in which all the grace of imaginative maidenhood is brought out with unsurpassable skill.

## When Doors Are Locked.

Kenneth Campbell and Glenwood Pease held a business conference in their office at 23 Union Square the other night and became so absorbed that they did not notice the flight of time until the clock struck 10. Then they tried to get out and found the street door locked. They had to ring the police station, and a policeman was sent around with a ladder to rescue them.

The incident brought to mind that every once in a while, especially during the winter, there is a man or woman locked up all night in one of the churches. Of course they do not remain in the sacred edifice by choice. They pick their seat near the door, and if the congregation is slim enough they have little difficulty when the benediction is being pronounced and heads are bowed to slide under the pews and out. The sexton is supposed to be sure that everybody is out, but time and again some derelict whose clothes are just within the pale of respectability is able to escape observation and get a warm night's rest. When the church phone apprises the sexton that there is some one "locked in" he releases the "victim" and says nothing about it, because it reflects on his vigilance.

It is an old trick of the hobo to steal into a box car just emptied of its freight, knowing that it is soon to start for a distant point he wishes to make. But once in a while he is tricked, the door being locked and the car made part of a train proceeding exactly opposite to where it was originally intended to go. Men have been inadvertently locked in ship's cabins until the vessel was well out to sea and immediate return impossible.



"A DREAM."

From the painting by Chaplin in the Marseilles Museum.

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## Artists' Long Sought Dreams Prove Nightmares—Sketches of Some of the Would-Be Models Who Make Life Miserable for James Montgomery Flagg—Really Good Types Are Hard to Find.

FOR two or three hours a day James Montgomery Flagg is an illustrator. The rest of the day he struggles with models and would-be models.

Mr. Flagg has suffered long and patiently, but the other day his heart was full to overflowing. He dipped his pen in vitriol and drew some very cruel sketches of the women who are making his life unendurable. And as he drew he spoke.

"In a moment of madness," said Mr. Flagg as he double bolted the door and mopped the perspiration from his brow, "some artist made the reckless statement that a good model is the rarest thing in the world. The result is that every studio is crowded the whole day long with women who are anxious to prove that they are the long sought dream of the artist. Most of them, however, prove to be nightmares. You cannot keep them away. I have

tried coldness, offense, even insult, but without avail.

"The trouble with these women is that not one in a thousand is really suitable. If it weren't such a painful business to have these women rob you of your valuable time it would really be funny. All sorts and conditions of women find their way in here.

"There is the 'skinny, scrawny, scraggy darned needle' who thinks she has been sent to you direct from heaven and cannot be convinced that she is not an ideal model. This type is usually proof against refusal. She'll stay in spite of anything you say to her. You tell her that she is not the type of woman that men like, and she will reply that she doesn't care a rap about that.

"Then there is the ugly and sophisticated woman who knows so much more about art and life than you do. She is usually impertinent to a degree and

goes away with the impression that she is modern and frank. On one occasion I was not at home and Mrs. Flagg received one of this species. She talked her deaf and dumb and resisted all of Mrs. Flagg's efforts to get rid of her. Finally she asked:

"Mrs. Flagg, do you do anything?"

"Mrs. Flagg replied that she did not."

"Oh!" she said, with great contempt, "you are one of those idle butterflies."

"Then she read her a lecture on independence. When I came home she tried to convince me that she was a wonderful model. One glance convinced me she was impossible and I told her so frankly.

"But," she remarked, assuming a ravishing pose, "artists tell me I do such wonderful things with my thumb!"

"Again, there is the little microbe that comes floating in through the keyhole. She is a dainty little wisp of a thing, commonly seen in the shopping

districts or at matinees. She asks you in a feeble little voice whether she may not have the honor of posing for you.

"It's harder to turn her down than any of the others because she is often really cute, but she is hardly suitable for artistic purposes. On the street she may be irresistible, but she would make no impression as a heroine in black and white.

"Then there is the type that cannot be accommodated by the most ample keyhole. One of this species called me up on the phone the other day. She informed me that she had a really unusual figure. I wondered what she meant and asked her to come to see me. One look was sufficient to convince me that she had not exaggerated. Her longitude was negligible but her latitude was unmistakable. There was no getting around that!

"I wonder how some of these women ever can make a living by posing, yet they do. This lady of the generous latitude was just the type I wanted for a

story I was illustrating and I engaged her.

"A frequent visitor is the young girl who has no beauty to recommend her and is aware of the fact. This type tries to prove herself desirable by making a distinctly feminine appeal. She is rarely successful, however.

"It's the hardest thing in the world to find a really good type. There are many fine looking girls who don't know how to reach the artist and there are just as many whom the artist doesn't know how to reach. Some of these come to your attention on the street or in the theatre, and it's a great temptation to stop them and ask them to come up to your studio. But few artists have the courage to do that. I had one experience and I'm cured for the rest of my natural days.

"I was attending an opera at the Metropolitan with Julian Street, the poet. During one of the intermissions we stepped out to have a drink. We ordered two lemonades at a fountain. A young girl was in attendance. She was remarkably beautiful, and just the

type I like very much. She had unusually fine hands and teeth, the importance of which for purposes of illustration cannot be exaggerated.

"I was greatly tempted to invite her to pose for me, but I did not have the courage. I called the attention of my friend Street to the girl and told him how I felt. He insisted that I ask her, and he finally persuaded me. I took courage, and requesting my comrade to stay outside and catch my hat and cane as they came flying through the door I approached the young lady.

"This girl was no doubt receiving about \$7 of \$8 a week for her service. She could earn much more than that by posing, and she could be of greater service to herself and to art than by remaining behind a refreshment counter. I broached the question very gently and asked her whether she wouldn't pose for me.

"She answered 'No,' very emphatically. I asked why, and she replied 'I don't care to.' She remained unmoved when I told her there was a lot of money in posing. As I spoke to her

the other girls at the counter drew up to us and I was getting very much embarrassed, and finally I had to beat a very awkward retreat. Her resistance was so stupid that I felt like taking her head and immersing it in the lemonade bowl.

"It's remarkable how many people misunderstand the model's profession. I am sure the young woman was influenced by ideas of this sort. Many people cannot understand that the model's profession is as honorable as any of the other professions open to women. It is very unfair to both the model and the artist.

"When we do find a beauty who answers our purposes she is usually so pampered and spoiled that it is impossible to deal with her. She refuses to assume any pose that requires an effort. They want you to give them the easiest poses, and they are constantly asking you to draw them lying on a couch or reading in a chair.

"Illustrating as a profession would really be great fun if it weren't—Great guns! here comes another one!"



Making a distinctly feminine appeal.

"Artists say I do such wonderful things with my thumb."

The little thing that floats in through the keyhole.

She cannot be accommodated by the most ample keyhole.

The skinny, scrawny darned needle.